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THE GRAND OLD ELEPHANT.

MANAGER PLATT (*of the Pivotal State*).—Here! Look lively! Get up and dance for Monopoly and High Tariff!



PUCK,  
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Editor, . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 27th, 1888.—No. 590.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT WILL be well for Germany if, in the doubtful years that lie ahead of her, she has not sore reason to regret the loss of the brave and high-minded man whose sad reign came to an end two weeks ago. Frederick the Third inherited his father's strength and his lofty sense of duty, yet his character was made at once broader and gentler by his better understanding of the spirit of his day. He was eminently the man for the hour, and the courage with which he enunciated his principles and took his stand for tolerance and modern ideas, under circumstances which might well have served as an excuse for inaction, showed that he would not have been unequal to greater emergencies. Had he lived, he would have made the most of peace, as his father made the most of war, and his talent complemented that of William, and was singularly fitted to the duties from which he was so soon taken.

There is a general disposition to see in his son and successor a reversion to the grandfather's type of character, cast in a narrower mould. The young man is perhaps too quickly judged by the world, though for this he has himself to thank. He has made some violent manifestations of his personality, and his indiscreet and bombastic address to his army awakened an unfriendly sentiment among conservative men of other nations. Still, he has yet to show in what spirit he assumes the responsibilities of government, and it is certain that there is much prejudice and ill-temper in most of the strictures visited upon him. It is unquestionably unjust that he should be judged by the absurd current mistranslation of the title he applied to himself of "Kriegsherr," which appears in the American and English papers as "War-Lord." This is as if we called the landlord of an inn "The Lord of the Land." By the same rule, "Kriegsherr" might as fairly be translated "Dissension-Mister." The proper term in English would be "Military Commander-in-Chief" or "Military Chief." Of course the burden of proof lies with the young man; but there is reason to hope—and it is to be hoped, for the sake of all Europe—that he will profit by the example of the reign just closed, which was made glorious, brief as it was, by the bravery and faithful devotion of a noble ruler.

Here are a few memoranda, worthy the attention of thoughtful citizens:

In 1884, the Republican party had been at the head of the government for twenty-four years. Twelve years before 1884, the last Amnesty Act was passed, and, whatever the dominant party may before then have held to be its most important duties, it was surely from that time on free to attend to the business of a peaceful and united nation. Has it done its duty in this regard? We may draw our own conclusions from a study of a few historical facts—always remembering that the Republican party *was* the dominant party, and that when there was a Democratic majority opposed to it in either house, the Democrats themselves were divided on the main issues of the day, and were, many of them, in favor of measures which the Republicans advocated or pretended to advocate. During this space of time, the attention of the Republican party was repeatedly called to the necessity of legislative action in the following important matters:

I.—An unsettled question of currency and coinage. So dubious, tentative and generally unsatisfactory are our laws that the government has to meet unexpected emergencies by temporary shifts. For a part of the period we speak of, the American has had to take seventy-five cents for a dollar, while he pays the foreigner a dollar.

II.—An anomalous state of affairs in the Territory of Utah, whereby the laws of the country are systematically and defiantly violated.

III.—The unprotected condition of the country. Since 1868 we have had neither the fortifications nor the ships to defend ourselves against the attack of even a third-rate European power.

IV.—The utter ruin of our mercantile marine. Under existing laws we can not build, and may not buy the shipping necessary for our business, and our commerce pays freight to England, Germany and France.

V.—The prostitution of our civil service. Public office has for years been bestowed as a reward for party fealty, rather than in consideration of the capability and honesty of the candidate, the result having been an inefficient service and the setting up of a scandalous example to state and municipal governments.

VI.—The injustice worked to the whole country by a system of duties on imports which is unsuitable to the present time, and which favors a single class at the expense of the community. Whatever it may have done in the past, to-day it levies a tax on the consumer which is handed over to the producer, and for which the producer gives no adequate return either to the people at large or to the people with whom he deals directly.

These are not all the instances in which the Republican party was asked to serve the people, during those twelve years; but they are six good sample instances. Now what did the leaders of the Republican party say to the demand of the people for action? What did they say, over and over again? "Give us time—give us time. We are with you in desiring a better state of things; but we must act deliberately and wisely, for the best interests of the whole people. We must not move recklessly. Time adjusts many things; what time leaves to us we must do in such a way that nobody can criticise us. Wait a little; be patient! We will see to it all." Well, did they see to it? Did they do anything? Had they done anything in 1884? Have they done anything since then, or tried to do anything? You may judge for yourselves, you who read this. Something has been done in the matter of the Mormon iniquity, and done at the instance of a Republican Senator. A good beginning has been made in the work of stamping out polygamy—made with the aid and support of a Democratic president. But what more has the Republican party done of all that it was asked to do?

Not a thing—except renew its promises. "Time—time—give us time!" said the leaders, year after year. "We will adjust this silver difficulty to the satisfaction of everybody—only let us not act rashly. You shall have a fine navy and strong fortifications—only let us find out just what is the best and newest thing in the art of warfare. We will devise some means to stimulate the ship-building industry—but it can not be done in a hurry. And the Tariff?—the Tariff should certainly be revised; but that is a delicate matter, and calls for deliberation." Such was their talk, year in and year out, until, in 1884 they nominated for the Presidency a man who was a dishonorable official, an energetic upholder of the "spoils system," a friend of every protected monopolist and "silver king," and the ally of the men who had wrecked our navy to enrich jobbers and contractors. Then it became absurd to believe that the Republican party-leaders meant what they said, and the conviction of this truth seized upon the minds of so many voters that the Republican party was voted out of office, and Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, elected President. He has been in his place three years. How does his account stand? More done for civil service reform than ever was done by any two Republican presidents put together. A beginning made of such a navy as the country may be proud of. The question of tariff reform put fairly before the people, and a good, practicable bill started on its way through Congress. That is, more *done* in four years than the people could get even the promise of in those twelve years that ended with 1884. Whom shall the voters of the country put in office for the next four years? Let them study these memoranda, if they are in doubt.

## IN CHICAGO, ILL.

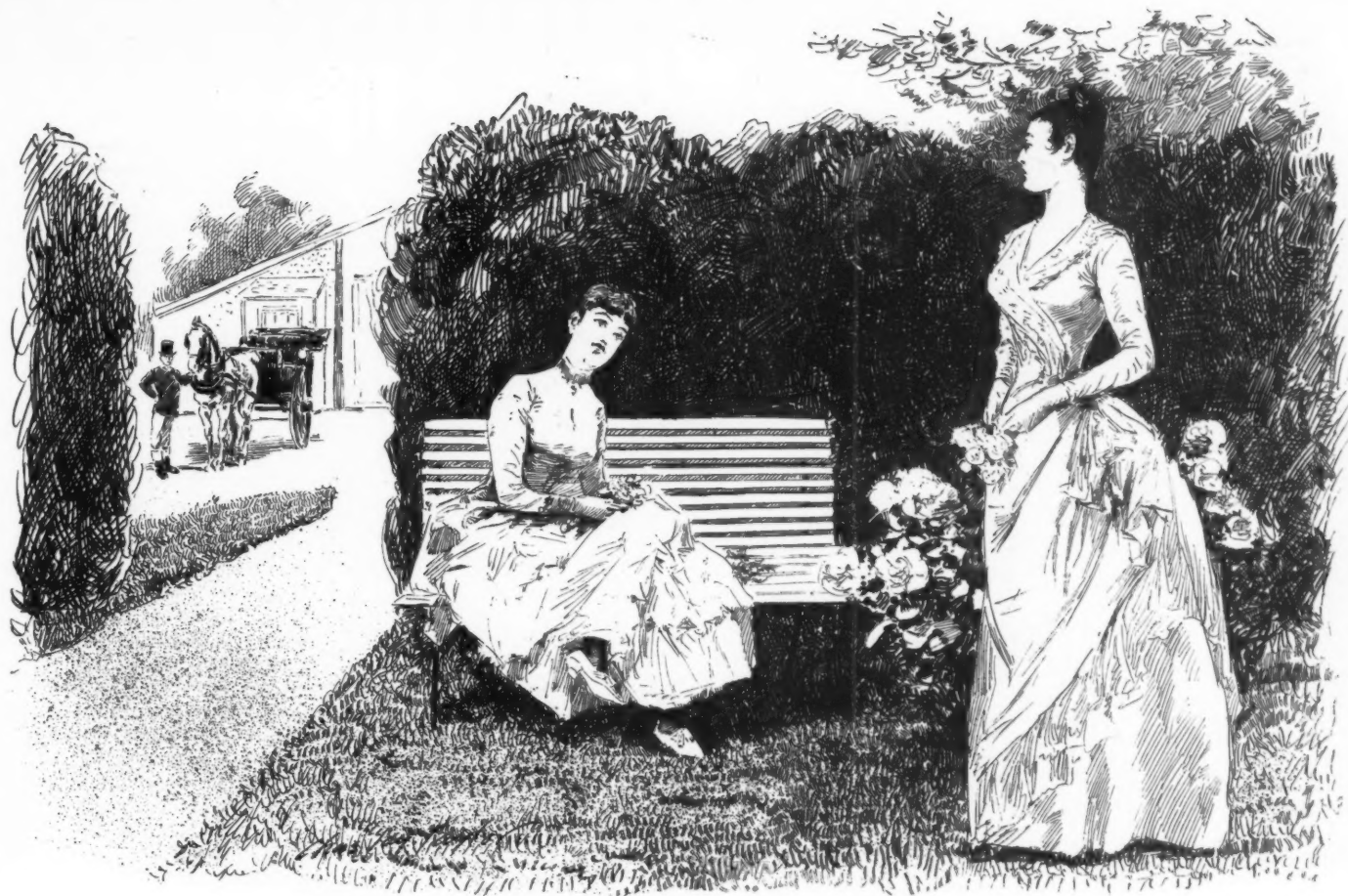
BOY.—Please, sir, could n't you help a little boy who never had any Papa or Mama?

MR. LAKESIDE.—Eh!—what?

BOY.—Yes, sir. Divorced before I was born. (Pockets a dollar.)







## A CHARITABLE VIEW.

MISS LULU JAPONICA.—Rose Bouche was a hateful thing to leave you out of the dinner she gave for Sir Rotten Rowe!

MISS CHARITY BALL.—Oh, don't say that! I think she is a very sensible girl!

MISS LULU JAPONICA.—Well, I think it's very noble of you to say such nice things about her, but—

MISS CHARITY BALL.—Yes; you see, she naturally wished to be the prettiest girl in the room!



## AFTERWARD.

"NEVER," he vowed it, "while life may last,  
Can I love again. I will die unwed."  
"And I, too, dear, since our dream is past,  
I will live single," she sobbing said.

A storm of farewells—of wild good-byes—  
He rushed from the spot, like an outcast soul.  
She hid in a pillow her streaming eyes,  
And wept with anguish beyond control.

Just five years afterward, they two met  
At a vender's stand, in a noisy street;  
He saw the smile he could ne'er forget,  
And she the eyes that were more than sweet.

"Oh, Kate!" "Oh, Harry!" { "How well you look!"  
"How well you look!"  
"I stopped," he said, "just to get a toy  
For my little girl." "I wanted a book,"  
She softly said, "for my little boy."

Madeline S. Bridges.

## A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

"Yes," said the earnest worker in the Total Abstinence cause: "you may well say that my labors are exhausting. I have sacrificed my health to my duty. I am but the shadow of what I was before I began lecturing and exhorting, and if it were not for the constant use of medicine I should be in my grave. Nothing but steady dosing keeps up my strength. Why, sir, I have to take two glasses of Bracer's bitters before breakfast and a bottle of malthopine with each meal, and, at night, sometimes five or six doses of Vitalized Juniper Tonic before I can get a wink of sleep. And do you know, with all that, I hardly ever feel just right much before the afternoon? But I will save the country from the curse of rum, if I have to live on physic!"

## PUCKERINGS.

THE PROPER THING to paste in your hat just now is a cabbage-leaf.

A SMALL BOY'S SPIRIT of economy is shown when he refuses to set off a pack of fire-crackers at once.

YOU CAN now go to Chicago and back for \$16.25. It is worth that amount to go one way, if you start from Chicago.

THE MORNING PAPERS ought to keep this line standing on the galley, as a matter of pure economy: "The New Yorks Beaten Again."

IT IS NOW growing so warm and mucilaginous that a postage stamp will stick to the atmosphere. It is rumored that the stamps in the post-office are kept in refrigerated air.

IF THE POPE condemns Henry George's works, it is to be hoped that Henry will do the square thing and go cahoots with his Holiness in the profits from the increased sale of his books.

IT IS SAID that the shores of France are sinking so rapidly that in about twenty centuries the French capital will have become entirely submerged. That being the case, any one intending to visit Paris would better learn to swim.

SCIENTISTS ARE NOW inquiring how long it takes to think. Well, when a man has to think of some way to pay a month's board bill with only two dollars and sixteen cents in his pocket to do it with, it takes him a good long while.

A GREAT MANY MEN living in the country have white-washed stones on the sides of their roads, that they may know just where the roads are in the dark. Some of them who come home late from city clubs would add to their general safety and comfort if they would have the entire road white-washed right to the front door, which should also be white-washed.

# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XVII.

## DES MOINES, IOWA.



**D**ES MOINES IS SITUATED in Iowa, but is lost in the United States. Still, it is often found on current maps — of Iowa.

The name, Des Moines, was taken from the Vassar French, and is popularly supposed to mean "The Monks." Des Moines is not, however, a colony of chimpanzees, although there are a few specimens of the *genus* Crowley.

Tradition has it that monks founded the place.

This accounts for the monkeying in progress there.

Des Moines has a capitol — a really fine edifice costing several millions. The powers that were evinced a desire to encourage matrimony by erecting this magnificent lovers' retreat. It is now the favorite rendezvous for the unsophisticated rural couples, who wander hand-in-hand in sweet abstraction, and kiss in the Supreme Court room.

The city is also a religious hub.

Des Moines has not only religion — it has Prohibition! It is the well-spring from which the silver-tongued and red-nosed advocates of temperance gather the liquid eloquence with which to electrify those who have a *penchant* for the seductive yet insidious cocktail.



They have Prohibition; but it is like Rocco and his "Mascot." They don't know what it is, but they've got it.

Since the law went into effect, the countenance of the Des Moines man has been undergoing a peculiar change. His eyes have grown furtive and restless; his air, hang-dog.

The reprehensible practice of sneaking, like a thief in the night, into a noisome cellar for a quiet drink, has induced other physiognomic changes, until he looks as if he were continually up to some sort of meanness.

He usually is. Any man who drinks whiskey by the gallon, law or no law, is the embodiment of meanness.



There is a river there. In fact, there are two rivers; but in the sweet summer-time, a search warrant and a Prohibition constable are needed to find either.

In August there is dust on the bottom of the Raccoon River. In the fall a wealthy syndicate gathers a crop of cottonwood shoots from the forsaken couch of the raging Des Moines.

But when the spring freshets come, both streams emerge from their retirement, and the small boy has a dollar's worth of fun wading from shore to shore.

Des Moines people do not care. They have n't much use for water. They can get beer. All they need is a sudden illness.

Then they sign an assumed name to a blank, stating that they are quite sick; and the autocratic drug clerk flashes a Koh-i-noor with one hand, and a bottle of Milwaukee vintage with the other.

It is a very frigid day when a Des Moines man does n't suffer from some ailment. Like *Ko-Ko*, he has a little list.

The list embraces everything, from incipient small-pox to a headache.

The legislature adjourned not long ago, and the churches are running on full time; but the druggists are in mourning.

Des Moines has a base-ball club. When there is a game, the day is declared a legal holiday, business is suspended, the schools are closed, and the telephone girl, who is compelled to linger at the switch-board, weeps great salt tears.

Games are announced from the pulpits, they say.

Base-ball is included in the curriculum of both colleges.

The girls, even, are learning to catch. When the home club wins a game, flags are run up on all the public buildings, and a salute of nine guns is fired. When the visiting club wins, the umpire is fired.

It is hardly necessary to state that Des Moines has a boom. Every western town has one.

Franklyn W. Lee.



## THE SIMIAN, THE SLUMBERER, AND THE EVERLASTING GET-THERE.



I.

### OVERHEARD ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

"Why do you sing in such a wee small voice?" asked the mosquito of the midge.

"Because I learned music by the gnatural method. Do you bite?" replied the midge.

"Not so early in the season," was the ready response, as the mosquito flew off singing "In the Sweet, by-and-by."

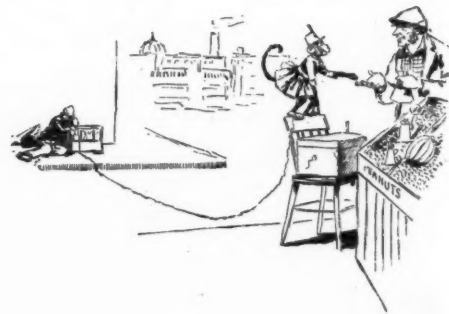
THE JERSEYITE would be happy if his shoes would only remain as black as they're painted.



II.



IV.



III.

### THE BASIS OF HIS INFERENCE.

JOBSON.—What is Bobson's work on the *Daily Noon*?

ROBSON.—I think he takes care of Stock Exchange news.

JOBSON.—Have you ever seen him around the Exchange?

ROBSON.—No; but I saw him buy a book of "Familiar Quotations" the other day.

ONLY A SALAMANDER would put good money into baking powder in this kind of weather.





## A LUCID EXPLANATION.

TEACHER (*to class*).—In this stanza, what is meant by the line.  
"The shades of night were falling fast?"

BRIGHT SCHOLAR.—The people were pulling down the blinds.

## FILLED WITH WOE.

MISTRESS.—Well, Bridget, did you see the dentist?

BIDDY O'GALWAY.—Yis, ma'am.

MISTRESS.—Did he pull your tooth?

BIDDY O'GALWAY.—Sure, ma'am, he did n't lay a han' to it to pull at all. He scooped it out wid a wee hoe, an' thin he druv it in to stay feriver—wid a plug on the top o' it to kape it tight. I'll niver be caught doin' the likes ag'in, ma'am. Vhat with him upsettin' the sate he put me in, an' tyin' a dirty bit av an old gum shoe in me mouth fer a bib, an' makin' a noise the size o' a coffee-mill in my head, I'd laver walk the flure an' scrame.

THE GLORY OF SOLOMON—A Prosperous Cloding Peesness.

A CONTEMPORARY PRINTS a story called "Verzenay." The story is just sufficiently dry to make the title a happy and felicitous one.

PARTY LINES—Campaign Poetry.

AN EYE-OPENER—The Rising Bell.

A GREAT HEALTH TONIC—Housatonic.

A HOT LINER—Brandy and Ginger.

CALLED TO ORDER—The Waiter.

A PRETTY HARD RUB—A Turkish Bath.

CORN DODGERS—Temperance Cranks.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY—The Slouch Hat.

THROWN IN THE SHADE—The Steamer Chair.

A WHITE SALUTATION—A Milk Shake.

"STRANGE" AND "QUEER" are synonyms; but "passing strange" and "passing queer" are not.

AS WE SIT in the shade of the apple tree,  
Where never the ghost of a breeze is blown;  
We yearn and we sigh in our great unglee,  
For the spirit of some long-spent cyclone  
To take this hot weather away from here,  
And give it back to us next Janiveer.

A TRAIN OF THOUGHT—Any Train Going Out of Boston.

"GREENWICH" RHYMES with "spinach"—in England.

A FASTIDIOUS PHILADELPHIA FAMILY has just lost its head, and it has gone so far as to order a cheese with a mourning cheese-cloth band about it.

THE GHOST of a show appears in "Hamlet."

NO YOUNG LADY is stone blind to the sparkling beauties of a diamond.

SURE POP—The Champagne Cork.

THE RIVALRY among the sweet-girl graduates for academical honors might be appropriately called the War of the Roses.

## A QUICK RESPONSE.



ORATOR.—I tell you, boys, what this town needs is a little more life and energy; I'm just aching for something to come along that will shake things up a little!

## BECAUSE.

I SIT UPON the mountain,  
And breathe the summer air;  
I sit upon the mountain  
Because I have no chair.

A sweet girl sits beside me,  
The reason is implied;  
A sweet girl sits beside me  
Because I'm by her side.

I ask her if she loves me,  
The best of all her beaux;  
I ask her if she loves me  
Because I know she knows.

She says she will not tell me,  
And, as I start to go,  
She says she will not tell me  
Because she knows I know.

Pray, leave us, gentle reader;  
Don't hesitate or pause;  
But leave us, gentle reader,  
Because—well, just because.

Morgan MacKnight.

AS SOON as glucose is accepted by the public as pure, harmless and wholesome, somebody will invent an imitation of glucose.

IT IS HARDER for a dog with a broken leg to stay in a cellar two days than it is for a girl with new clothes to stay in the house over Sunday. If the dog had three broken legs, he would persistently spring at the cellar windows with the sound one.

"SOUND ON THE GOOSE"  
—Apple sauce.

FALSE HARE—Stewed Felis.

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS—The Arithmetic.

LOAFING IS music without sound.

UNMATCHED—The dark room, generally.

POT-LUCK is the good fortune of the poker-player.

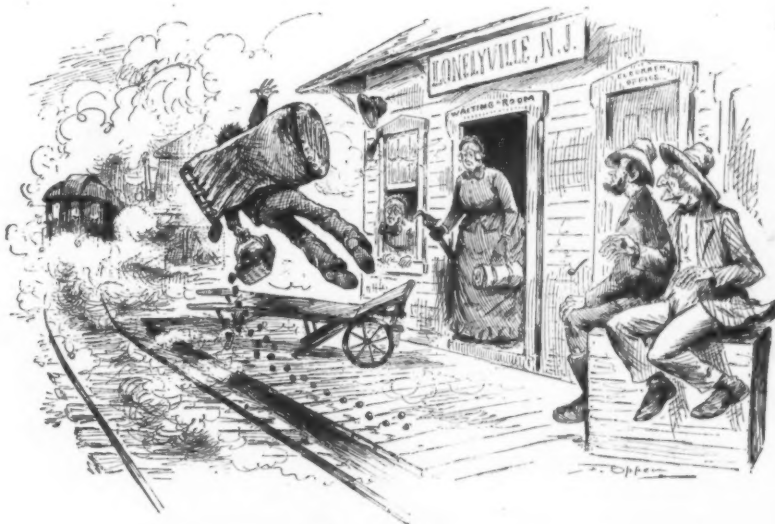
IN purchasing Puck, beware of imitations.

A DONKEY PARTY—The Dude.

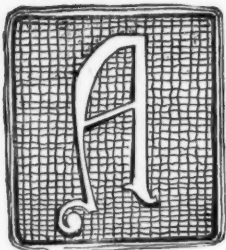
A SEA CHANGE—A Bathing Suit.

THE CORNED BEEF eater gets lots of pickled muscles.

APPLE-PIE ORDER—Waiter, a Piece of Apple-Pie.



Just then the fast express came along, and the mail-bag that was thrown off shook things up considerably.



## PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

(With Apologies to Zweibier.)

AFTER DISMISSING my *conciierge* at Turin, and throwing the last *pourboires* to the horde of *confiserie*, who insisted on aiding with the luggage, I came on by rail to Chicago. As I here discovered no women more noble or more striking than those common-place specimens to be found in the human race, I determined to pack my *plébiscite*, and travel into the interior. My aim was Mendota. At the *guichet* where I procured my *coupon*, the *cocher* seemed *prêt à rire* on learning my destination. "In scorn or friendship *nil* I construe whether. Perhaps he joyed to jest at my exile." And if he was acquainted with Illinois, I deem it excessively probable.

When I entered the car for my journey through the land of the presidents, I promised myself quite a treat. But, as is usual with my promises, it was not worth much. It was an accommodation train, and I should have presumed that the accommodation had been extended principally to a traveling public of mummies, only that I knew mummies do not chew the demon weed. I opened my window, thinking to get a breath of the air of heaven, which I had reason to believe superior to the air of the Illinois car. The wind blew fresh, and a cinder or two in my eye, but I held on. As I was holding on, I became conscious of a whack in my back, and mistrusting that the sensation arose from somebody whacking me, I turned about and found that I was right.

A man with an aristocratic skull-cap, who appeared as if he might be an inland merchant from the region down around the Caspian, and who had about distance enough to travel to put on the impressive cap and remove it, was discovered in an attitude as of one who had just whacked the back of a despised Christian. He still held his hand over my seat, as if to emphasize the fact that it was indeed he who had so unkindly knocked.

"It is cold enough in here, my friend, without that winder up."

I said the window was necessary.

"Uhuh?" he snarled: "well, it seems to me that it is very fresh."

"That is, of course, undesirable; but it seems to me that you are equally fresh."

He then said, as if to overwhelm me with base confusion: "Then I shall have to take another seat, that is all."

"I think that is the only horn of the dilemma demanding your attention just now."

After this episode, the conductor came through collecting tickets. He jested jovially with the lucky ones who knew him, saying: "Well, Hank, what you doing here?" and, "I'll be darned, Bill, if I s'posed you'd ever get the spondulix to ride!" When the Bills and Hanks were addressed, they always responded with keen witticisms, and put both arms over the back of the seat, taking an attitude of excessive constraint to illustrate their ease of manner.

The conductor did not call me by name, but we exchanged a few witticisms, nevertheless. These arose from his putting an oblong piece of white paper in my hat. I had observed that the people from inland were much gratified to have these in their hats, as they signified travel. I determined to be different. (One can safely adopt this rule and go it blind in Illinois.) I astounded the conductor by taking the slip from my hat and placing it in my pocket.

"I want that in your hat."

"Sir?"

"I want that in your hat."

"In my hat?"

"My friend, I want that in your hat."

"Excuse me."

"My friend, I—want—that—in—your—hat."

"You seem to."

"And if you don't put it there, I'll fire you—"



### THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

MR. VAN NEERF.—You did n't brush the cobwebs off this bottle, Stanley!

STANLEY.—Excuse me, sor, but I saw yez putting thim on, and I would n't tek the liberty, unbid.

I thought it about time to draw a few more cards. I therefore arose and shouted, but not rancorously: "And this is America, and I and all these gentlemen must be ticketed, like chattels, to accommodate the unthinking prejudices of a conductor, who, although a perfect gentleman, forgets that we may fear to lose our ticket, and so have to pay double fare. I venture to say that not a gentleman in this car, however rich and influential he may be, would like to pay again for something he has already paid once for. And I leave it to these gentlemen who have traveled more than I, and who seem to be familiar with the officials of the road, whether I may not take the best possible care of my ticket."

"Let him keep it, Ed."

"Let him keep it."

"Yes, let him keep it."

"I have a mighty good idea not to. I have an all-fired good idea to fire you right off," said Ed.

But the patronage of the jays and the bluff of the conductor were too much to endure.

"If you really think you have a good idea, Ed, don't go back on it. In fact, if you have any idea at all, you want to swing right on to it, and I won't put a straw in your path."

At this the inside of the car began to hum with a thousand angry cries, and Ed pulled up his sleeves. I thought I would draw another card, and I therefore feigned to wipe off a summer-like smile, and observed:

"If I started this thing, I regret it; but I merely wish to say that my name is William Edwards, sometimes known as Billy Edwards. I am sorry that my name is what it is, for it will probably put a damper on our festivities; but I did not name myself, and you must take me as you find me. I should have liked to be named Reginald W. Silvertown, so that you all could have had your fun with me, and have returned to your homes refreshed; but Billy Edwards seems to be my cognomen, and all I can do is to apologize. That is all I can say, and I can not say any better; besides, I suppose you are all waiting to see me do up the conductor, and I will not delay."

The conductor took another card himself. "Ha, ha, I thought I'd put up a little game on Bill and Hank, here, by pretending not to know you, and getting up a muss! I've seen you in New York a hundred times!"

From this time forth the husky guard and I got on with gruff but kindly relations, suitable to two heavy men, and when I left the train I gave him a blank card on which I had written my autograph as a keepsake. He read it on the

rear platform after waving me an adieu as the train pulled out. The card said:

Reginald W. Silvertown,

Pastor M. E. Church.

And the conductor looked so much like an enraged gorilla on perusing it, that I shall always consider travel in Africa as quite redundant.

Wiltiston Fish.

A MAN UP in Maine has conceived the idea of feeding several colonies of bees on juniper flowers, in order to have Old Tom honey in spite of the liquor law.



## JIM O' OURN



He's risin' six month old, is Jim —  
James Cabell Clay Monroe, thet's him —  
An' though I be his Paw, I'll say  
He's 'bout the likeliest little limb  
Ye've struck fer many a day.

They ain't a many of his size  
Hes got sech knowin' sort o' eyes;  
An' w'en ye talk o' teef, I'llow  
His four kin take a po'rful rise  
Spang out'n twenty you kin show.

Four's all he hes, but it do beat  
The bugs, the way thet runt kin eat! —  
'T'ould do ye good ter see him git  
A gre'd fat piece o' middlin' meat  
An' chawnk down ev'y lastes' bit!

Ye don't ketch him ersleep at night —  
Ump-m! he's jes' so peert 'n' bright  
We-all er simply 'bleeged ter stay  
Awake an' pack him 'round till light;  
He won't hev things no other way.

An' grit! ye oughter hear him bawl  
W'en he don't git his way — thet's all!  
An' kick, an' scretch, an' hold his breafe,  
An' turn right black, an' pitch an' maul  
Till you jes' gin plumb in, yerse'f.

I ain't no gift at speakin' fa'r,  
But hyere's the matter plain 'n' squar'  
Ez rollin' off a log kerflick! —  
'F ye aim ter see a BABY, thar  
Is one down hvere at Toll'ver's Lick.

*Eva Wilder-McGlasson.*

## MAN AND HIS FUN.

**M**AN THAT IS BORN OF woman is of few days and fond of fun.  
In the beginning, when his tumlet is full of milk and his soul of content, he lies upon his back and kicks his heels in the air; he says "ga-ga" and "goo-goo," and that is Fun.

Being grown older, he climbs a tree and falls out thereof; he goes in swimming, and is well-nigh drowned; he absents himself from school, at the expense of his cuticle, and that is Fun.

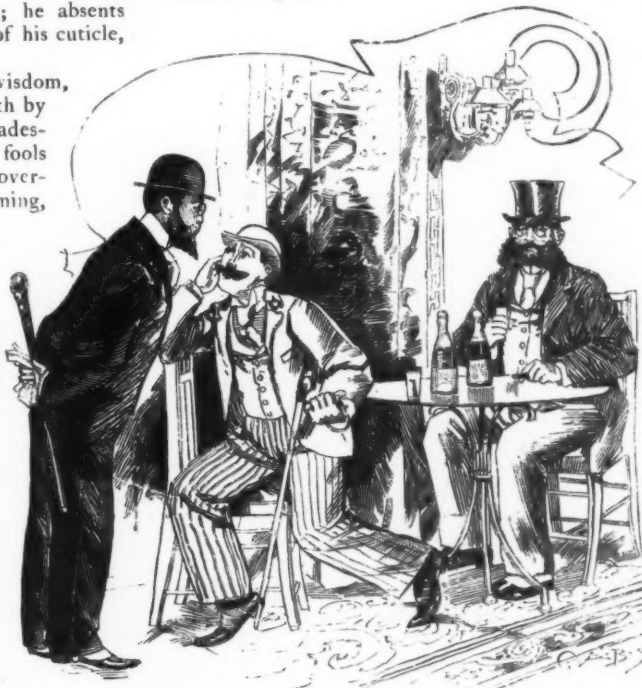
He grows in size, but not in wisdom, for now is he in college. He goes forth by night and steals the signs of poor tradesmen; he marches in a procession of fools and burns his books; he gets drunk overnight, and reaps headaches in the morning, and that is Fun.

He conceives a desire for the company of young women; he follows one girl about and wears her hair; she carries his scalp in her belt and she rests under the shadow of his ears, and that is Fun.

In the end she throws him over, and the sunshine is gone out of his life, and for the space of three months he is as a blighted sycamore and as a wild ass wailing in the desert, and that is Fun.

He takes to cynicism and to neglect of his personal appearance, and for that he himself did not make the world, he saith it is but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and a derved bad concourse at that; he believes that he is old, and he suffers in his heart, seeing that his moustache bears him not out, and that is Fun.

He returns to the world on his own invitation, and now is he a man of the world. He knows the wickedness of all things and the doctrine of mixed drinks; his trousers are trousers of truth, and his coats are coats of correctness, and that is Fun.



## HOW HE KEPT SOLID.

**STONE.** — I say, Upson, it is downright mean of you to deceive me this way. You said you only needed my ten dollars to keep solid with your tailor, and here you are setting up champagne for a friend!

**DOWNES.** — Why, bless your soul, this is my tailor! Those two small bottles got me a thirty days' extension!



## LATEST SOCIETY NEWS FROM THE SUBURBS.

**FIRST RESIDENT.** — I hear Grassley is very sick; what is the matter with him?

**SECOND RESIDENT.** — Poor fellow; he was returning home 'cross lots from a bean-bag sociable, when his lantern went out, and he fell into a ditch half-full of water; and he's been doubled up with rheumatism ever since!

He drinks the champagne of the Gaul, and on the morrow the brandy of the Gaul and the soda-water that is naught but marble-dust and vanity. He goes to the play; he goes also after the daughters of the play-house; he saith "my dear" unto the dancing girls; he gives his head to Herodias and pays for the charger, and that is Fun.

And having done thus for a space, he is grown old, and his blood is turned to gout in his veins; he sits within the club window, in the sun, and he mows and gibbers at women as they go by him; he catches the young men by the skirts of their coats, and tells them that he hath been a devil in his time, and that is Fun.

And in the last day he is cased in rose-wood and decked without with silver, and laid in the earth in Greenwood. And when the young men hear that he is dead, they shall say one unto another: "Let us pour a libation to him, being in the nature of a snifter before dinner, for he was Fun."

A "WELL-DRESSED" New York ruffian, recently arrested for insulting women and attempting to murder a policeman, pleads that his crime is the result of the first drink he had taken in six months. If this is the way total abstinence affects people, it would seem that total abstinence is a good thing to abstain from.

**THE REPUBLICANS** were looking for a Moses. The reason they did n't find him is, that the kind of politician who is willing to die on the threshold of the promised land, after forty years of leadership, has n't been discovered yet.

**OLD SAYS** — Parker and Shady.

**DEAD TO RIGHTS** — Congressmen.

**IT SEEMS** as if gas, as well as water, always finds its level. Ex-Rep. Dr. McGlynn has recently been loudly applauded by that distinguished friend of humanity, Herr Most.



J. Keppler

FREDERICK III. OF GERMANY



PUCK.



END OF A BRAVE LIFE.

## LA FEMME SAVANTE.

**R**ECENTLY, through the duplicity of a friend and the complicity of his wife, I was obliged to escort *La Femme Savante* and her sister to their paternal abode. The statement does not sound very formidable; but that it does not, proves only that my euphemistic pen could turn the biography of Lucretia Borgia into "The Foolish Whims of a Coquette," and makes *belles-lettres* of the life of an Indian.

I do not see why I was made a victim. I did not wish to act as escort; I did not seek the office; I tried honestly and manfully to evade it: but I was made a victim, and my false friend remained at home and read his paper.

*La Femme Savante* is named Grace. And there is another thing that I can not see; I can not see why she has a name. I do not think that any one will ever wish to call her by it; and unless it was a rainy day when she was named, and her family had nothing to do, the christening was a clear misuse of time. But her name is Grace, and, as we were walking on, with her arm tucked through mine in just such a way as to give rise to a belief that I was on my way from a grocery with a particularly thin codfish, she said:

"What is this country—I will ask, what is the world coming to?"

"I don't know." That is what I said. I said I did n't know, and I did n't know. I don't know everything; I don't want to. I said I did not know, and then I tried to change the subject. I might as well have tried to change a fifty-dollar bill; or have gone and stood upon the beach at once.

"What do you mean, Grace?" asked the sister. This sister labored under an unexplainable but no doubt amiable hallucination which had the effect of making her proud of *Grace*. It was ever her wish to draw Grace out, and to allow the fine gold of her ideas and opinions to dazzle the beholder, and fill him with such envy as to endanger his salvation. "What do you mean, Grace?" asked this insane sister.

"I asked, what is the world coming to? My thought was: where shall we obtain a new and sufficient source of caloric when our present coal measures are exhausted?"

The sister gave a purr of pride; and I saw that she began to look upon me as a helpless victim.

"I don't think I quite understand you," I said, determined to bra-



"STRAWS SHOW," ETC.

SENIOR WARDROOM OFFICER.—I thought at first there was nothing in it; but I'm afraid Gilmor's been hard hit by that Brantor girl, after all!

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.—I have n't noticed any distinct symptoms!

SENIOR WARDROOM OFFICER.—Why, man, he's been doing nothing but play chess with the chaplain for the last ten days!



A CONVENIENT STYLE.

ANGY TUPPER (*who is preparing to "skip by the light of the moon"*).—What a blessing that the latest trousers are made so wide! Between these and my linen ulster, I can carry off my whole wardrobe without detection.

zen the situation out: "perhaps you will kindly state your *problema* again."

"She asked," said the insane sister, with intense pride, "what would be the source of caloric after our present coal measures are exhausted?" Was that not your question, sister?"

"That was the gist of it," replied the demon of intelligence.

"Ha, jist so!" I cried, trying to laugh the danger away.

"Are you unable to propose a solution?" demanded the insane one, with a Roman scorn of my paltry levity.

"Perhaps he does not find his mind drawn to philosophical discussion," suggested Grace.

"I should think that ordinary instinct would draw his mind to *this* question," said the insane one.

"It may not."

"But I think he could hardly go the length of disregarding a matter of such paramount interest to that humanity to which he must admit his membership."

I was driven to it.

"Probably people will burn corn."

Grace turned and regarded me coldly—as coldly as if our coal measures and everything else having a heating capacity, had been exhausted long ago.

"Did you ever calculate how much of the earth's surface would be required to produce sufficient of that cereal for lighting, heating and manufacturing purposes?"

I had to confess that I had never done this.

"I should think not," said the philosopher, "or you would not have made such a suggestion."

We reached the door of the paternal abode, and Grace rang. I hoped the usual exchange of adieus would interfere to save me; but it did not.

"I think you would profit by examining into this matter a trifle more closely. Good night." And she passed in.

"I most certainly think you *would*," said the insane sister: "Good night." And she passed in, also.

I remained without, in the misty moonbeams.

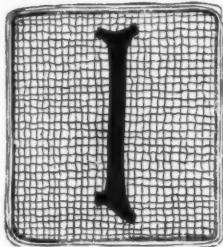
If I could have been the heroine of a splendid novel, so that I might relieve my feelings in a "burst of passionate tears," I would have been almost reconciled to the prospect of having the "self-contained hero," a moment later, "bend softly down and kiss me." (Faugh!)

I was crushed and helpless. I turned for the comfort of strong fellowship to satires on *femmes savantes*, *bas bleus*, and Boston women. But how hollow is the comfort derivable from pure reason! How satisfying the comfort in homely belief! I had been flattened out with no ordinary stroke, and it was only when I heard a gay young friend of mine remark in simple faith that "those two Jones girls made him awful weary," that I entirely recovered my former aplomb.

Williston Fish.



## A QUERY.



SEEK some knowledge  
of a mystic word  
Which strikes my  
hearing every living  
day —  
In mart, at bar and  
forum it is heard:  
Is it the name of flesh,  
or fish, or bird?  
Whence came it  
here, or by what de-  
vious way?  
Damfino!

A word compounded it may haply be;  
Conglomerate of other words I deem;  
I search the books, whatever I may see,  
And thread the maze of Etymology  
For what may be its substance, source or theme:  
Damfino!

In Notes and Queries, nor in lore antique;  
In Halliwell, nor Wright, nor solvent Bailey,  
Is any hint or sign of that I seek;  
And still I ask the simplest question daily,  
And get for answer, debonairely, gaily:  
Damfino!

I grudge that it should bring so sudden end  
To any further speech of questioning —  
I would pursue a subject with a friend;  
Why should he turn away and curtly send  
An answer Parthianwise with flouting fling?  
Damfino!

Now who shall aid me in this time of need?  
Porte crayon spears have made much darkness  
clear;  
But Earth, engirt at forty minute speed,  
Is proof, so clear that he who runs may read,  
That minutes cost — shall I an answer hear?  
Damfino!

W. A. G.

IF NICKNAMES are to be tolerated in life, why  
not in geography? If it is proper to call  
your friends Pete and Bob, why not call the fa-  
mous Georgia pinery Tomville, and the capital  
of Maine, Gussie?

WHEN A MAN looks at the  
tape, it is generally to as-  
certain whether his head goes  
into the basket with it or not.

RUSSIA would seem to be  
a bad country for pro-  
hibitionists and patent-med-  
icine men. The Muscovites  
who do not carry a koff to  
their graves, seem to find  
their end in visky.

RICHES HAVE WINGS, and  
the people blest with  
riches take unto them-  
selves ostrich plumes.

SOMETHING UNCANNY —  
Over-ripe fruit.

THE WIDOW is the per-  
son who looks out for  
number two.

NATURE is now sing-  
ing the "Wearing  
of the Green."

ON THE RACK — Your  
Ulster.

A GREAT MANY politicians are called dark-  
horses, from the shade of their records.

"BORN IN THE PURPLE" — The Stars.

A MAN'S FACE is his misfortune after a steam-  
boat shave, for the victim of the steamboat  
shave could not travel far or successfully on his  
face after the steamboat tonsor has traveled  
over it.

WAR-FARE — Hard Tack and Salt Horse.

NEW YORK has a Great Neck in Long Island;  
but she has n't a great head in Hill.

TO BE CONTINUED — Cleveland Administration.

SOME ONE wants to know how the theatres  
refrigerate the air that keeps them cool and  
refreshing. This is the way they do it: They  
start three or four roaring coal-fires downstairs  
in furnaces. When the fire becomes incandes-  
cent, the air it sends through the register is  
almost freezing, but the hot weather takes the  
arctic edge off it. They use the same kind of  
furnaces that keep country houses as cold as  
Greenland, from one end of the winter to the  
other.

WHEN A MAN has a collar that is too small for  
him, it is almost impossible for him to get  
rid of it. He will lay it aside, and his wife will  
put it back in the drawer with the other collars.  
When he goes off anywhere to remain over  
night, that small, tight collar, with the buzz-saw  
edge is the one that will get into his valise, to  
make him choke and jump in the incarnadined  
A. M. When he returns, he hides the collar away;  
and, after he has forgotten all about it, his wife  
finds it and returns it to its original place in the  
bureau drawer. She will not listen to its being  
given away, although it is useless. The owner's  
only hope lies in cutting it in half; and, after the  
surgical operation, in burning it to a crisp, to  
make sure that it will never throttle him again.




## HEROIC MEASURES.

MR. HANOVER SQUER. — I say, De B., what are  
you buying that wire fencing for? You are not run-  
ning a farm now, are you?

MR. FRANKLIN DE BELLEVILLE. — No, I'm not  
farming; but, you see, I live in Jersey, and I want to  
get a kind of mosquito bar this season that will stand  
the racket!

One or two teaspoonfuls  
**FRED. BROWN'S**  
**GINGER**

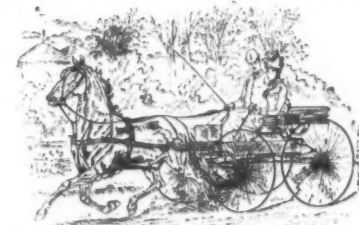
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sweetened to taste, and  
swallowed at bed-time,  
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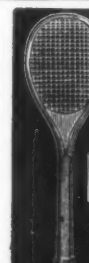
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Picayune.

It takes a strike to make a man stand around.  
—Puck. Yes, and three strikes make a man  
feel "put out."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

You may break, you may shatter the "vase"  
if you will, but the various ways of pronouncing  
it, according to locality, will cling round it still.  
—Norristown Herald.

The object of the Prohibitionists is to find a  
way to reach the White House by water.—Ex.



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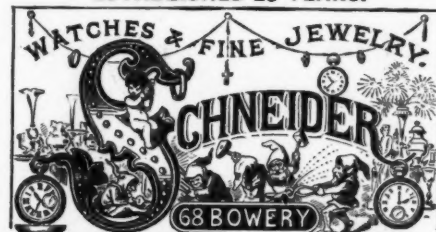
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CAPTAIN (crossly).—I should think you might have caught one of them, at least.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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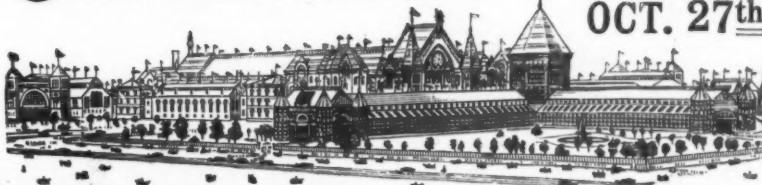
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